

One Mile Since Then

by Astrid Goes For A Spin

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-01-31 03:48:13

Updated: 2014-01-31 03:48:13

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:39:03

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,009

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: A missing moment of 'conversation' between Hiccup and Toothless from this week's episode, bemoaning the fact that nobody can just get along and a little nostalgic for the good ol' days of the movie. Or, Hiccup talks and Toothless listens.

One Mile Since Then

\*\*What. do. you. know. It pays to be on top of things. This weekend I'll take a critical eye to the next chapter of DK, and, like, hey, update DDD again? Look at me, all updating and stuff.\*\*

\*\*Wrote this on the spot a couple of minutes ago. A missing scene, I think, from today's ep, "A Tale of Two Dragons." Just a little explanation, background, referencing the movie a little too much, but, well, that's my job. \*\*

\*\*One of those one-sided conversations I've always liked to read about but haven't had my hand in, where Hiccup talks and Toothless, in essence, "talks" back. Although you all know I'm more a fan of the Toothless-Hiccup-communicative-silence, this seemed like a good idea ten minutes ago, when Hiccup just needs to talk to someone who already knows him intimately and what the solution will be.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Walk a mile in each others' shoes. Or, in this case, saddles."<p>

Hiccup's smile only falters when everyone else has trickled out of the kill ring. Then he slaps a hand to his forehead and slides down Toothless's side to the floor.

"Man, those two are gonna kill me. Leadership skills, what was I thinking? All I've got are two homicidal maniacs I've got no choice but to work with." Toothless chortles in amusement and lays the

artificial fin in his lap.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Why can't anybody just \_get along? \_Works for us. Then again, we've got our own issues, soâ€¦" Toothless nudges him. "Yeah, fine, you win. Wouldn't mind if Astrid and I could do a little work without everybody else hangin' over our shouldersâ€¦"

Toothless huffs warm breath on the back of his head and settles down behind Hiccup, providing a more comfortable seat.

"What's with all this, anyway? I thought Snotlout liked Astrid, but isn't he over it now? Didn't she kind ofâ€¦pick me?" He feels Toothless cock his head behind him. "Yeah," he moans. "You were there. He saw that hug she gave me the other day, right? Well, he was paralyzedâ€¦ but still."

"Okay, you're right. That \_could \_have been just because she was overjoyed to see somebody besides Gobber and the twins still up and aliveâ€¦"

Toothless hits him hard enough to sting with one of the ear fins. "Ow! What was that for?" Toothless sniffs hard, ruffling his hair. "Fine, I admit it, there's been kissingâ€¦four timesâ€¦" Hiccup sighs, but his mind can't seem to wander. "Why does he think Stormfly's a girl dragon anyway? I mean, she's only the first person \_ever\_ to fly on a Nadderâ€¦"

The side of Toothless's neck vibrates with dragon laughter. "Only reason I flipped their dragons was because I wanted 'em out of my way for a while. Maybeâ€¦they'll actually get to know each other. But I've got this feeling they're just going to get vindictive. Option three just got merged with one and two, if you know what I mean."

Hiccup tips his head back to look at the blue sky above him, and Toothless pokes his head overtop, smiling gummily. He reaches up to pat his neck. "I kinda forced the whole 'dragon riding' thing on them, didn't I?" Another sigh. "Well, I was doing it to save \_you.\_ What if they didn't even want riders? None of 'em reallyâ€¦connect the way you and I do."

Hiccup frowns. "Come to think of it, I kinda forced you into this too." Toothless growls, slowly at first but higher and higher in volume until the roots of Hiccup's teeth ache and his skin crawls with it: a remonstrance. "You don't mind," he says softly. Toothless moves his tail, still sitting in Hiccup's lap, to cover his legs. "Yeah, I don't mind either."

"Well, as much as I'd love to stay here and do nothing, we should probably get outta here, Toothless. Don't want Fishlegs to keep supervising the twins, we all know what happened last timeâ€¦ it's like they actually got \_more\_ ridiculous, since the war endedâ€¦ don't know why my dad wants Mildew's stupid field fixed anyway; it's too far away for anybody without a dragon to bother taking care of itâ€¦busywork, I guess. Keep us outta trouble, like you and me don't get in enough without them anyway."

Hiccup shifts, preparing to stand. He puts on a show for the others, even his dad, of confidence and, often, painlessness. Toothless

understands his hesitation. "Stormfly's probably aching to throw Snotlout for a good one. I bet Hookfang and Astrid are getting along real well, though; she's got a little bit of a talent for the wild ones, doesn't she?"

Toothless grumbles, deep in his throat. "You're all wild. I don't know why Fishlegs keeps calling you guys that. What, next we're gonna shear you and try for milk?" He snorts. "No such thing as a domesticated dragon." Toothless continues to grumble, and Hiccup concedes a point: "But she's not as good as I am." He runs his entire arm over Toothless's scaly side, warm and alive and almost skinlike in places, hard and tough in others. "Nobody's as good as we are."

"Kinda wish we could go back to those days, Bud." He sighs again. "All that hiding aroundâ€¦not having to babysit the others all the time. It was more dangerous, 'cause I didn't have you all the time to look out for me, of course, but-"

Hiccup twists and looks at the affronted expression on Toothless's face and begins to laugh. "Aaand you still don't even like Hookfang, do ya, Bud. Ever gonna forgive him for the whole "kill ring" thing? No? Didn't think so." Hiccup sighs again, this time a little less restlessly. "But if ya did, you wouldn't be, well, \_you.\_" Toothless hums in satisfaction.

Hiccup finally heaves himself to his feet, and Toothless does the same. Hiccup climbs on, hooking in his leg and clipping the harness to the saddle.

"For now," he groans, patting Toothless's shoulder and glancing down their left side, "I'm just glad that nobody needs to hop a mile in ours."

End  
file.